THE

BIGELOW MONUMENT.

Jim.ᵉ Bigelow.

B B. Dupl.

CEREMONIES

AT

THE DEDICATION

OF THE

BIGELOW MONUMENT,

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS,

APRIL 19, 1861.

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PREFACE.

IT is good to commemorate brave deeds in the cause of God, of country, or of humanity. It is a homage due to the heroic dead, and it re-acts for the benefit of the living. It is peculiarly meet in times like these. Revolutionary memories should be precious. Examples fitted to stir and re-animate the flame of patriotism have special claims to prominent remembrance.

The courage and self-sacrifices of the earlier champions of our freedom and independence bequeathed lessons to their sons. What the former achieved, the latter are expected to guard and maintain. The sculptured stone, which tells of the valor of the sires, is an empty honor, considered in reference to themselves. They have passed beyond the reach of human applause. Posthumous ovations avail them not. The value, the significance, is with their children. To them, indeed, monuments are silent monitors richly eloquent in the teachings of a bygone age. Too few of these have been reared to the memory of the intrepid fathers and founders of our civil liberties. May they be multiplied! May the tablets inscribed with their venerable names, their heroic deeds, or the scenes of their struggles and achievements, be reverently read and pondered! And

may the lessons conveyed be fraught with quickening incentives, illustrated by the generous self-devotion, the constancy and courage, — under the sternest calls of public exigency, — both of the present and each future generation!

By a fortunate coincidence, altogether contingent, the completion of the monument in honor of the Revolutionary services of Colonel TIMOTHY BIGELOW occurred in the month of April, this present year, — an era destined to new and momentous interest in our national annals. The ceremonies of dedication were generously undertaken by the municipal government and citizens of Worcester. It was decided that they should be celebrated on the ever-memorable NINETEENTH, — the opening date of the War of Independence. Arrangements were made to such effect, and the preliminary notices sent abroad, before the outbreak of the mad and wicked Rebellion which was so soon to burst upon the land. Sumter, though besieged, had not been bombarded. It was hoped that the frenzy of the insurgents would pause — that it would stop — ere that last base outrage, content with the insult of a bare bravado. But the hope was delusive. The fort was assaulted, and its chivalrous little garrison compelled to succumb to the overwhelming odds combined against it.

Washington was next threatened. An alarum sped through the land. The mighty heart of our people, — the loyal heart of the indignant North, — at length profoundly roused, fiercely burned to avenge the affront, and curb and punish such insufferable wrong. Troops were hurried to the capital, — Massachusetts, as always, foremost in the van. Her sons were everywhere arming. Worcester responded to the first drum-beat, — her gallant soldiery

rallying promptly to the call, — their ranks daily swelling, and new companies formed, with a zeal and impetuosity almost embarrassing amidst the multifarious correspondent demands found needful at the hour. All were animated by a common impulse,— eager to battle for their country's imperilled rights, — impatiently awaiting the signal of departure for the defence of the national metropolis; — all panting to join, nay, rather to lead, in the advancing movement.

These stirring scenes and incidents occurring during the eventful week of April 12–19,* naturally so engrossed the minds and hearts of all, that the expediency was questioned of attempting any public display on an occasion of such comparatively trifling moment as that detailed in the following record. On maturer reflection, nevertheless, it was deemed so accordant with the spirit of the crisis, so intrinsically suggestive, and of such kindling, awakening influences bearing upon the juncture, that it was resolved to adhere to the arrangements previously devised, and carry out the programme, so far as practicable in the altered condition of the times.

A public celebration in honor of the completion of the Bigelow Monument was accordingly held; and the dedication of a structure to the memory of a brave Revolutionary Chief, with its formal transfer to the future guardianship of the authorities of his native town, as a beacon memorial to the present and after times, was solemnly inaugurated with the imposing ceremonies described in the ensuing

* News of the terrible onslaught in Baltimore, at the date last named, on the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment in its struggle and triumphant passage through that city, did not reach Worcester till the afternoon of Friday, an hour or two later than the close of the ceremonies of the day. Of course, no allusion could be made to the event by the speakers on the stand.

pages. The account is presented substantially as given in the "Worcester Daily Spy" of Saturday, April 20, from the pen of D. A. Goddard, Esq., assistant editor; some additions being made, with fuller sketches of several of the speeches than could conveniently appear in the columns of that journal.

One feature, it should be added, in the pageant of the day, although not wanting, had less of the brilliancy anticipated, owing to the inexorable necessities of the times. The military — of whom a fuller display had been promised, comprising the entire *élite* of Worcester — were in general too busily employed in the duties of drill and equipment, under expectancy of an immediate march to the seat of war, to take part in the parade of procession. One company, enrolled in the valiant Sixth Regiment, had started two days before to aid in the defence of Washington; and, at the very hour of the exercises in consecration of the Monument at home, were bravely fighting their way through Baltimore. They were honorably represented, notwithstanding, by the senior members of their corps; the elder exempts of the Worcester Light Infantry alone numbering about one hundred. They made a fine appearance.

BIGELOW MONUMENT.

"Before noon, on the 19th of April, 1775, an express came to town, shouting as he passed through the street at full speed, 'To arms! to arms! — the war's begun!' His white horse, bloody with spurring, and dripping with sweat, fell exhausted by the church. Another was instantly procured, and the tidings went on. The bell rang out the alarm, cannon were fired, and messengers sent to every part of the town to collect the soldiery. As the news spread, the implements of husbandry were thrown by in the field; and the citizens left their homes, with no longer delay than to seize their arms. In a short time, the minute-men were paraded on the green, under Captain Timothy Bigelow. After fervent prayer by Rev. Mr. Maccarty, they took up their line of march to the scene of conflict." *

The remarkable event to which the above reminiscence relates was appropriately commemorated in Worcester, yesterday, April 19, by the dedication of an elegant and costly monument, erected to the memory of Timothy Bigelow by his great-grandson, Colonel T. Bigelow Lawrence of Boston. It was the eighty-sixth anniversary of the battle of Lexington, — the opening scene of the Revolution. Our streets were early thronged with spectators. Many buildings, private and public, were decorated with the national colors; and every thing indicated a unanimous sentiment of devotion to the Union, and respect for the memory of its founders.

The procession, preliminary to the exercises of the day, was formed at eleven o'clock, adjacent to the Central Park. Halting at the mansion of his honor Mayor Davis to receive

* Lincoln's History of Worcester.

the invited guests and other distinguished citizens there assembled, its progress was resumed. In the first carriage were seated Mayor Davis, Colonel Lawrence, Tyler Bigelow, Esq., of Watertown (nephew and son-in-law of Colonel Timothy Bigelow), and George Tyler Bigelow, Jr., son of the Chief Justice. They were followed by a carriage containing Ex-Governor Lincoln, Rev. Dr. Bigelow, and Hon. John P. Bigelow, Ex-Mayor of Boston. The past Mayors of Worcester, and guests of the city, occupied the remaining carriages. The procession was arranged as follows: —

National Band.
Past and exempt Members of the Worcester Light Infantry, bearing the Colors of the Company; D. Waldo Lincoln, Captain.
Highland Cadets.
Committee of Arrangements.
City Government.
Invited Guests.
Joslyn's Band.
Assistant Marshal.
Chief-engineer Fire-department.
Yankee Engine-company, No. 5.
Ocean Hose-company, No. 2.
Father Mathew Temperance Society.
German Turners.
Citizens.

Altogether, the show was brilliant. Advancing through the central street,—Worcester's fair Broadway, beautifully draped, its sidewalks and houses filled with gazers, — the cortege moved on its line of march. The route was in the following order: through Main, Highland, Harvard, Chestnut, Elm, West, Pleasant Streets, to the head of Main Street again, thence to the Old Common; completing the march about noon.

At twelve o'clock, a salute of thirty-four guns was fired. The procession forming in a square around the stand, General George H. Ward, Chief-Marshal, announced Mayor

Davis as President of the day. Among the notabilities on the platform, besides the gentlemen elsewhere named, were the Hon. Rejoice Newton, Stephen Salisbury, Esq., Hon. Dwight Foster, Hon. George F. Hoar, Major-General Hobbs, Colonel Stoddard, Charles Hersey, Esq., Walter Bigelow, Esq., Abbott Lawrence, Esq., with others. After a voluntary performed by Joslyn's Cornet Band, an appropriate and impressive prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Hill. The following song, written for the occasion by C. Jillson, Esq., was next sung by the Glee Club, under the direction of Albert S. Allen, by whom the music was composed: —

We come to-day, with solemn tread,
To consecrate an earthly shrine,
And raise this column o'er the head
Of hero, patriot, and divine, —
A hero in his country's cause;
A patriot on the lists of fame;
Divine, because an honest man
Can justly own no other name.

A thousand other men have died,
Who toiled for fame, and sought renown;
But no one knows their resting-place,
On hill, in valley, or the town.
But here the humblest of them all
Beneath this beauteous column lies:
His dust has unto dust returned;
His spirit, to the upper skies.

Here, ages hence, when Spring-time comes
With laughing footstep o'er the hills;
When Nature lifts her wintry hand
From all the valleys and the rills, —
Shall generations yet unborn
Beside this marble column stand,
And mingle with the dust their tears
For one who loved his native land.

Colonel Lawrence was then introduced, and spoke as follows: —

May it please your Honor, — Actuated by the wish to perpetuate, in a suitable manner, the memory of one whose name has ever been reverently cherished by his descendants, I informed your Municipal Government a year and a half ago of my desire to erect a monument, upon your Central Park, over the remains of Colonel Timothy Bigelow. That desire was recognized in the kindest manner by the prompt passage of a resolve authorizing the Mayor to set apart the lot in question, and to dedicate it for ever to this purpose. For the cordial response thus given, permit me now to return my most sincere thanks. The work is completed; and, at the request of your citizens, I am here to consign it, in a formal manner, to the custody and safe-keeping of yourself and your successors.

Little did I expect, however, to witness this imposing civic ceremonial, and the vast assemblage here collected. But I cannot be surprised, when I remember that the regiment commanded by Colonel Bigelow, so distinguished for its gallantry and prowess on many of the hardest-fought fields of the Revolution, was recruited solely from the yeomanry of the county of Worcester; and seeing as I do around me the descendants of the men who followed him to Cambridge, fought by his side under the walls of Quebec and on the plains of Saratoga and Monmouth, endured with him the trials and terrible sufferings of Valley Forge, and participated with him in the crowning glories of Yorktown.

I feel that the tribute paid to-day, and on this anniversary, is not to the memory of one man alone, but to the Revolutionary sires of Worcester, — an ancestry of which we may well be proud. May I venture to hope, that, in the present dark and trying hour of our country's life, this monument may serve to sustain and stimulate our patriotism, by recalling to memory the public spirit, the courage and the sacrifices, so nobly displayed for the cause of liberty during the Revolution, by the soldiers of the gallant old Fifteenth Regiment of the Continental Line!

Mayor Davis responded as follows: —

Colonel Timothy Bigelow Lawrence: Sir, — You have caused to be erected on our Central Park a monument to the memory of one who was foremost among the citizens of this place in the great acts of the American Revolution.

This civic procession, this large concourse of people, are assembled here to commemorate your generosity to the memory of one of those heroes of the American Revolution. This very moment — as you have well said, sir — and this very occasion should admonish us to rally in support of the principles, to express anew our admiration of the character, and our gratitude for the lessons of wisdom and patriotism, bequeathed to us by those who fought the battles of the Revolution, and laid the foundation of our liberties. They are fixed stars in the firmament of great names; shining, without twinkling, with a clear and beneficent light.

Sir, allow me, as the chief executive officer of this city, in behalf of all its citizens, to thank you sincerely for this splendid tribute to the memory of one of our bravest and most cherished citizens. With great pleasure, I accept, in behalf of the city, the custody of this chaste and magnificent monument, which will for ever mark the spot where repose the remains of Colonel Timothy Bigelow. To him and his associates — who, at the expense of treasure, a contempt for peril, a prodigality of blood as pure as ever flowed from mortals, of which we can form no adequate conception — we owe a debt of gratitude for giving liberty and equality to this nation. You, sir, with a noble liberality, have placed over the grave of your ancestor a memorial which will commemorate his heroic virtues till the last succession of earth's inhabitants.

My poor thanks for this act of your munificence are weak and feeble when compared with the untold thousands who shall hereafter gaze upon this structure, and breathe forth their thankfulness to him who so nobly commemorated the deeds of the mighty dead.

Eighty-six years ago this day, news reached this place that the British were on their march to Concord to destroy the military stores in that place. Captain Timothy Bigelow instantly assembled his company near the spot where we are now standing, and marched with all possible despatch to meet the enemy. This was the beginning of the Revolution.

When Washington, the Father of his Country, arrived at Cambridge, and took the command of the American troops, he reviewed them by companies. Having reviewed the company of Captain Bigelow, he remarked to him, "This is discipline indeed." In 1775–6, he was Major under General Arnold in the expedition against Quebec, in which the hardships and sufferings of the army mock all description. He commanded the Fifteenth Continental Regiment at the capture of Burgoyne and other battles. He was a member of the Provincial Congress. He continued in the public service till the independence of the Colonies was established. He returned to his native place, poor in property, but rich in honor. His descendants have done much to sustain and perpetuate the liberties he fought to establish; and now, after more than seven decades of years since his death, a great-grandson of the deceased, prompted by noble feelings of patriotism, with princely liberality, has erected over the remains of his heroic and patriotic ancestor a monument worthy of the good and great man. As the friends of liberty in all coming time shall look on it and read its inscriptions, it will call to their minds a generation of heroic, brave, and noble men, who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, in the great cause of freedom, equality, and brotherhood. In behalf of all the friends of liberty, I again thank you for this act of your munificence.

The venerable Ex-Governor Lincoln was next introduced, as one who had a distinct personal recollection of Colonel Bigelow. He said, —

Mr. Mayor, — In respectful submission to your authority, I answer to your call, that I may show by my presence here, rather

than by any speech, the deep personal interest which I feel in this occasion, and my respect and reverence for the character of him, whose public services this costly and beautiful structure, before which we now stand, and these imposing observances in which we have engaged, are designed to commemorate. In the dedication of the monument by fervent prayer and thanksgiving; by the expressive and touching address of our noble friend, whose abounding munificence, prompted by a sense of filial duty, and a just pride of ancestry, has placed it upon these consecrated grounds, committing it forever, for preservation and care, to the gratitude of the city; and with your official response, so appropriate and so eloquent, in behalf of your fellow-citizens, and as their authorized representative, gracefully acknowledging the benefaction and accepting the trust, — the purpose for which we assembled, seems to me, to have been most fully and happily accomplished. I know not what more the proprieties of the occasion could demand. For myself, I have nothing, of word or of thought, which can add to the satisfactions of the hour; nor, if I would, have I the strength, or the voice, to reach the listening ear of this thronging multitude. And yet, sir, as you have kindly said, it may be expected of me — one of the few, the very few, of the living, who have ever looked upon the person of Colonel Bigelow — that I should give such reminiscences of him as I have, imperfect and unimportant though they be. A little longer, and there will be none to utter these personal remembrances.

My impressions of Colonel Bigelow are such only, as are made upon the mind of a child, in the presence of mature and perfect manhood. From family connection, there was frequent intercourse and association between him and those of my own kindred; and I well recollect, as though it were of yesterday, his general appearance, — his tall, erect, and commanding figure, his martial air, his grave and rather severe countenance, his dignified and earnest address. I cannot doubt the respect and deference with which he was universally regarded; for it was among the most positive injunctions of the antiquated district schoolmistress to the boys of my day, enforced even by the fear of the rod, that we

should always "pull off our hats to Parson Bancroft and Colonel Bigelow." At the time of his death, and for many years after, I often heard him spoken of as the gallant old soldier, and the thoroughly accomplished officer; and now, after the lapse of seventy-one years from his burial, in the same vernal season of the fragrance of the budding flower, and the gushing melody of birds, I stand, an aged man, again at his grave, to remember and to honor him.

I know of no record of the life of Colonel Bigelow which even approaches the character of a biography. In Lincoln's "History of Worcester" is contained, probably, the best notice of him which can be found; but this, from the more general object of the work, and the time when it was prepared, is necessarily stinted and meagre. It is there related, that, "with a taste for military life, he was deeply skilled in the science of war;" that "the troops under his command and instruction, exhibited the highest condition of discipline;" and of his regiment, that "a braver band never took the field, or mustered to battle. High character for intrepidity and discipline, early acquired, was maintained unsullied to the close of their service;" and, "when Colonel Bigelow left military life, it was with the reputation of a meritorious officer."

The accomplished and eminent historian Bancroft, in enumerating the forces sent against Quebec in the autumn of 1775, names among the officers of rank "Timothy Bigelow, the early patriot of Worcester."

These testimonials to the merits and services of Colonel Bigelow have the singular and affecting coincidence of having been rendered by the sons of two of his most distinguished fellow-townsmen, associates, and friends, — the elder Lincoln, and the elder Bancroft. How simple and appropriate these tributes to his worth! how beautiful this brief summary of his character! how suggestive of the virtues alike of the civilian and the soldier! Timothy Bigelow, the early patriot of Worcester, — a braver man never took the field, or mustered to battle. High character for intrepidity and discipline early acquired, and maintained unsullied through seven years' military service, — what more pertinent inscription

for his tombstone? — tributes of cotemporaneous renown, transferred from "the fleshly tables of the heart" to the ever-enduring marble of the monument.

Colonel Bigelow was a type of a generation, now passed away. Of such, in patriotism and valor, were the corps of *Minute Men* under his command, and the *Train Band* of the brave Capt. Benjamin Flagg, who alike, on the 19th of April, 1775, of which this day is the anniversary, at the horseman's cry, "To arms!" hastened, with no delay but for prayer and a benediction, to join their brethren of Lexington and Concord in resistance to tyranny and the oppressor's sword. Such was the townsman and friend of Bigelow, the intrepid and beloved Capt. Jonas Hubbard, his inferior only in rank, his companion and comrade in the dreadful winter's march through the wilderness to the siege of Quebec; who, in the midst of hardships and privations almost unequalled in the experience of human suffering, uttered the noble declaration, "I do not value life or property, if I may secure liberty for my children;" and who, when mortally wounded, at the foot of the ramparts, in the storming of the fortress, said to his men who sought to remove him from the field, "I came to fight with you: I will stay here to die with you." Such too, *at this time*, are the gallant young men of our own city and state, who, with alacrity, on the first summons, have buckled on the armor, in defence of all which is dear to freemen. Oh, that now — now, in this most portentous and perilous crisis of our country's destiny — there were men like these, *in all parts of this land*, to uphold this nation; to defend and protect the Government and its institutions; to preserve, and transmit to posterity, those great political, civil, and social privileges and blessings which the present generation received and have enjoyed, as an inheritance, through the wisdom, and patriotism, and valor, of the founders of the Republic! They were, indeed, men of stern integrity and public virtue, of elevated aim and lofty principle, unselfish and self-sacrificing; with whom, a sense of honor was not lost in personal ambition, nor fidelity to duty sunk in subservience to party; men devoted to the people's service, and the country's welfare.

May this monument, erected to the honor of one of Liberty's noblest sons, instruct us in the priceless value of the glorious achievements of our ancestors! May it be made admonitory to our own high duties and momentous responsibilities! — so that the disruption of our national Union, if dissevered it must be, shall never become a reproach to our supineness or indifference, nor the destruction of our liberties be brought about, by our debasement, or our follies.

At the close of Governor Lincoln's address, the chairman called for a speech from the Rev. Andrew Bigelow, D.D., of Boston, grandson of the old Colonel. Dr. Bigelow rose, and said, —

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen, — In compliance with your call, I cannot withhold a word, chiefly to express the emotions of gratitude shared by me in common with other descendants of an ancestor whose monument is this day publicly dedicated, in view of the honors paid to his memory by yourselves in your official capacity, and the citizens at large of this great outpouring community. I am touched, profoundly touched, by such tokens of respect to the name and character of one, who, distinguished as he was in his day, has been separated from the present living age by the space of two entire generations.

Threescore years and ten — nay, eleven — have passed away since his ashes were laid to rest where they have quietly reposed in their late humble but not forgotten sepulchre; during which period, new races have sprung into active and stirring life, and Worcester, the beautiful village of his time, has grown up to its present expansion, — a teeming hive of wealth and industry, — a fair and flourishing, a rich and populous city.* But the demonstrations of this day, this hour, attest that his memory still lives, — green in the hearts of a people who have come after, and that it is still cherished with filial and affectionate veneration.

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* Matre pulchrâ Filia pulchrior.

Yet, in honoring him, the heroic dead, Worcester, though unconsciously, honors herself. He, Colonel Bigelow, was her own child. Here he was born and bred; here he lived and moved and wrought, — never absent from his native precincts, save at his country's call to other fields and less lovely scenes; and here, at length, he died, — bowed not so much by the weight of years, as the waste and wear, the toils, hardships, and sufferings, endured in the same sacred cause. He was a type, a noble type indeed, of the gallant spirits here in Worcester who rose cotemporaneously with himself. Sparta, we forget not, had other sons than he; but none, — I dare hope for your ready assent in claiming, — none more worthy than himself. His enthusiasm — springing from the impulses of a warm, generous nature, dauntless as it was wise, thoughtful, and prescient — quickened, no doubt, to a brighter glow the flame of patriotism in many sympathetic breasts; and, whilst firing the brave, it roused the torpid, nerved the weak, and emboldened the timid. The force of his character — from all which I have heard and have been able to learn of its weight and influence, confirmed by the testimonies so emphatically and eloquently borne by my honored friend, the Nestor who has last addressed you — was such as could not fail to impress itself upon all within the reach of its spell. It reminds me of a saying left on record from an earlier age, of Thomas Randolph to Cecil, Lord Burleigh, during the stormy crisis of the Scottish Reformation, alluding to the fiery energy of the brave, indomitable old John Knox: "Where your honor exhorteth us to stoutness of heart, I assure you the voice of one man is able, in an hour, to put more life in our souls than six hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears."

This much may be accorded to the worth of a progenitor whose marble on yonder mound denotes the last resting-place of his earthly remains; but the marble itself (as has been so justly and so modestly intimated by my young kinsman, in his opening address), — the marble itself, the Monument this day consecrated, stands, and will remain to future generations, a memorial, not alone of his personal services and prowess, but of the public spirit,

the unflinching bravery, the self-sacrificing patriotism, of those sires in common, his fellow-townsmen, — the men, co-eval with himself, who joined heart and hand in the days which emphatically "tried men's souls."

But, sir, the times we are thrown upon — sad to say — may prove quite as momentous in experience, and as memorable in coming history, as the era, long past, which we here commemorate. What was achieved by the stormy and victorious struggles of the Revolution now remains to be preserved and defended. We have an enemy almost at our gates, an enemy crowding to our very borders, — a crafty and unscrupulous, a treacherous and insolent foe, — led on by a band of rebels and conspirators; men false to their duty, their country, and to God, yet true to their traditions, the hereditary counterparts (worthy legatees) of the old toryism of 1775–6; men whose fields and broad acres, whose fair plantations, were scoured and rid of a foreign oppressor by the bayonets of Northern men and Northern regiments. Yes, alas! we have such an adversary at this hour to cope with, threatening not only our national liberty, but our national existence. Our country, mother of us all; our country, dear weeping form, — daughter of struggle, born amidst conflicts, rocked by the storms and tempests of Revolutionary battle, — OUR COUNTRY turns, with anxious eye, to her offspring for help and succor in this dark hour of her unlooked-for extremity. And shall she turn and look to them in vain? No, not here: no, not to Worcester. By the memories of the past, by the bones of her fathers, by the precious relics of the Chief whose valor is this day recalled, again do I say, No! Let all other hearts faint and falter, those of WORCESTER will never droop nor quail. Her sons will be faithful and true. Already she has sent forth an advance, now moving to the fight; and others, all emulous, are eagerly mustering. A thousand swords are leaping from their scabbards. A thousand muskets are ready to be shouldered by her chivalrous youth, and borne to the embattled field, for their country's honor and avengement; — never to be laid down till the land itself shall be purged from the foul viperous brood too long and too indulgently hugged to its

bosom; never to be laid down till the black war-cloud now lowering upon our land shall be triumphantly dispersed; never to be laid down till not only Worcester, but Boston and Washington alike, with all the other aggrieved and insulted cities of our land, shall be shielded from the hazard of future menace and aggression. And then, but not till then, will Worcester's gallant sons again sit down beneath the laurels of a final and crowning victory.

The Hon. John P. Bigelow, Ex-Mayor of Boston, another grandson of Colonel Timothy Bigelow, was next called up. He declined making a speech; but, after some amusing and piquant remarks (roundly applauded), he presented to Mayor Davis, in behalf of the city, a package of a dozen ball-cartridges made for the regiment from Worcester and vicinity in the Revolutionary War, being a sample of those used at Still Water and Saratoga. He said he had tried some of the powder that very morning; and it flashed brightly, after being kept eighty-four years. He knew of no more appropriate place of deposit for this Revolutionary relic than Worcester, so renowned for its patriotic and firm devotion to the principles of liberty and union.

Hon. Benjamin F. Thomas was introduced as a grandson of the political associate, cotemporary, and friend of Colonel Timothy Bigelow, Isaiah Thomas, senior. He spoke in substance as follows: —

I thank you, Mr. Mayor and fellow-citizens, for this kindly greeting and welcome. I rejoice to look again on these familiar faces, and to hear once more the voices that stirred the blood of my early manhood.

Mr. Mayor, it is good for us to be here. The place and the day are full of blessed memories. The noblest lessons of wisdom, of self-denial, and of self-sacrifice, come to us from the grave of this "village blacksmith," sagacious statesman, prudent and gallant

commander, devoted patriot, — chevalier of nature, whose chivalry was illustrated in breaking, and not in forging, the chains of human bondage. Well may this beautiful monument crown his resting-place. Well may the gratitude, the munificence, and the eloquence of his descendant, and the sympathies of this thronging multitude, unite to do him honor. Three generations come up to bless him.

> "How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
> With all their country's wishes blest!"

Fellow-citizens, it is good for us to be here; and here, by the graves of our fathers, — with their spirits hovering around us, a cloud of witnesses, — to give ourselves anew to the cause and to the country for which they nobly lived or nobly died. The day of trial has come again: it may be of darker, sterner, severer trial than that of our fathers. We are to save for our children what our fathers bought for us, and at the same price of toil, of treasure, and of blood. The cry to-day, in the streets of this beautiful city, is that which, eighty-six years ago, startled the quiet village, — "To arms!" So be it. To arms! The leaders of this accursed rebellion have appealed to the last arbitrament of States. It is well for us. The first gun that boomed against Sumter startled a great people from the grave of its lethargy as with the trump of the archangel. It was the beginning of the end. The bells that pealed in Charleston over the lowering of the Stars and Stripes rang out the death-knell of the "Southern Confederacy."

It will cost us a long, severe, and bitter struggle; but this rebellion must be utterly crushed out. There is for us no hope of freedom, of peace, of safety even, till this work is fully done. Seven years of war were spent in the purchase of our freedom; seven more of toil in giving it organic and national life. If seven years of toil and blood are spent in securing it, — in our national redemption, — they will be wisely, divinely spent, with the blessing of God and all coming generations of men. Let us to-day, in God's name and in the name of humanity, devote ourselves to the work.

Judge Thomas having concluded, TYLER BIGELOW, Esq., of Watertown, nephew of the Revolutionary colonel, was last presented. His appearance produced a sensation. With the weight of eighty-three years upon his shoulders, he stood firm and erect as in manhood's early prime. His remarks, delivered with great energy, were few and pithy. He said, that, —

So late was the hour, so fully had the exigencies of the occasion been met by the able and eloquent remarks and addresses of the gentlemen who had preceded him, he would not further exhaust the patience of his fellow-citizens, but forego any extended remarks he had contemplated. He wished simply to relate an interesting reminiscence, or anecdote, of his late uncle, which he had received many years since from a member of his family, that would illustrate his character, and exhibit the spirit and ardor with which he entered upon and persevered in the great drama of the Revolution.

When the news of the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor reached Colonel Bigelow, he was at work in his blacksmith's shop, near the spot now called Lincoln Square. He immediately laid aside his tools, proceeded directly to his house, opened the closet, and took from it a canister of tea, went to the fireplace, and poured the contents thereof into the flames. As if feeling that every thing which had come in contact with British legislative tyranny should be purified by fire, the canister followed the tea; and then he covered both with coals. So well known and determined were his opinions on the great questions of the day, he returned to his labors without deigning a word of explanation or apology to any one. — Such, also, was his zeal and ardor in the great cause of the times, that he appeared, on the morning following the battle of Lexington, at the head of his company of *minute-men*, on the public square in Watertown, April 20; having marched them there, upwards of thirty miles, during the evening and night subsequent to that event.

Music by the band succeeded the address of the last-named speaker, — the Marseillaise being performed with admirable skill and effect. A benediction by the Rev. Dr. Hill concluded the public exercises of the day.

The gentlemen specially invited to the dedication of the Monument were recipients in the morning of the hospitalities of His Honor Mayor Davis; and, after the close of the ceremonies, were entertained at an elegant banquet given by Governor Lincoln.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

The Monument itself, of which the dedicatory ceremonial is recorded in the foregoing pages, claims a notice.

It occupies a conspicuous position at the northerly front of the ancient cemetery, — an inconsiderable but beautiful elevation, planted by trees, overlooking and now forming a part of the Central Park, better known as the Old Common, of Worcester. The spot of the original grave of Colonel Bigelow is included within the area allotted to the structure, some two or three yards to the right of the centre. It was necessarily disturbed by the alterations requisite in preparing and shaping the ground-plot for the edifice. The remains were carefully exhumed, incased in a metallic casket, and removed to their new receptacle beneath the base of the monument.

They were found remarkably well preserved, considering the long period of their interment; the hair, which was abundant, being in singular freshness. They indicated a tall and robust frame, above the average stature, correspondent with the traditionary reports of the person of Colonel Bigelow, as having exceeded six feet in height.*

The site of the monument is a space of twenty feet to a side, enclosed with a light iron fence, on a granite plinth with trefoiled piers. From this, a slope of grass is formed to a solid block of granite, nine feet square, upon which the monument is erected.

The design is in the style of the English Gothic of the thirteenth century, and the material is white Italian marble. The pedestal is ornamented at its angles with carvings of rams'-heads, and bears on its sides the following inscriptions : —

* It has been described as six feet and two inches.

On the front, in raised capital letters, —

TIMOTHY BIGELOW.

On the right face, in sunken letters, —

Born
Aug. 12, 1739.
Died
March 31, 1790.

On the rear, —

In memory of
The Colonel of the 15th Massachusetts Regiment
Of the Continental Army
In the War of Independence,
This monument
Is erected by his great-grandson,
Timothy Bigelow Lawrence,
Anno Domini 1861.

On the left face are the words, —

Quebec.	Monmouth.
Saratoga.	Verplanck's Point.
Valley Forge.	Yorktown.

Above the pedestal, the monument diminishes in size; but from each of its four sides trefoiled canopies project, supported on columns whose capitals are elaborately carved with various designs, their bases resting on the shelving top of the pedestal. Above the canopies, the shaft again diminishes in size. It assumes an octagonal figure, and is surmounted with a foliated cross; the total height being thirty feet.

The monument was designed and superintended by George Snell, Esq., architect, of Boston. The granite work was executed by the Granite Railway Company; and the marble, imported from Tuscany, was chiselled by Messrs. Wentworth and Co., Boston.

Such a structure, though a memorial of the past, is usually a custodian for the future. On the Friday previous to the celebration (April 12), the customary formality took place of depositing sundry articles and documents, of more or less value, in the Bigelow Monument. It was performed in the presence of Mayor Davis and other city officials, of Ex-Governor Lincoln and distinguished

citizens, besides several members of the Bigelow Family, specially represented in the lineal descent by Messrs. Andrew and John P. Bigelow, and Colonel Lawrence. The articles consigned were enclosed in a pair of strong, double boxes of tin and copper, firmly soldered, and placed beneath the marble base of the monument. The latter (the base) is composed of four massive pieces, so constructed as to leave a central space between the block of granite on which the structure stands and the die of the pedestal surmounting it above. Within the cavity, the boxes were stored. Appended is a list of their contents : —

A parchment containing the following record: "This monument, to the memory of Colonel Timothy Bigelow, a hero of the American Revolution, was erected by his great-grandson, Colonel Timothy Bigelow Lawrence, of Boston, A.D. 1861. Isaac Davis, Mayor of the city of Worcester; John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts; Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. — George Snell, architect, Boston."

History of Worcester. By William Lincoln. Published by Moses D. Phillips & Co., 1837.

Reminiscences of the Military Life and Sufferings of Colonel Timothy Bigelow. By Charles Hersey.

A plan of the old cemetery upon which the Bigelow Monument is erected. By Gill Valentine.

History of the First Church (Old South) in the city of Worcester, this eleventh day of April, A.D. 1861; with its pastors and officers from its organization in 1716, and a catalogue of its members at the present time. By Caleb Dana.

Massachusetts Weekly Spy, vol. 90, No. 15, April 10, 1861.

Three Daily Spys, vol. 16, Nos. 85, 86, 87, April 10, 11, 12. By J. D. Baldwin & Co., proprietors.

Ægis and Transcript, vol. 24, No. 14.

Daily Transcript, vol. 11, Nos. 81, 82, 83, April 9, 10, 11. By W. R. Hooper.

Worcester Palladium, vol. 28, No. 15, April 10, 1861; and vol. 25, No. 51, containing interesting matter. By J. S. C. Knowlton.

Worcester-County Democrat, vol. 1, No. 37, March 30, 1861.

Worcester Daily Times, vol. 2, No. 60, April 3, 1861. By Moses Bates.

Franklin Advertiser, vol. 1, No. 1, 1861, with specimens of beautiful cards.

Worcester Directory for 1861. By Henry J. Howland.

The Heart of the Commonwealth. By Henry J. Howland.

Daily Spy, Aug. 31, 1860; Home Statistics. By Samuel Smith.

Massachusetts Spy, Sept. 26, 1860, containing the valuation and taxation of Worcester; census statistics of Worcester by wards; number of inhabitants, dwellings, and families; by Samuel Smith.

A piece of the Charter Oak.

Daily Spy of Feb. 12, 1861; Birth Statistics, containing the total number of births, number in each month, number of males and females, number of American and of foreign origin, with full particulars. By W. A. Brigham.

A package of ancient and modern relics; viz., the New-England-States cents, United-States cents and half-cents, Washington medals, Washington button, Massachusetts volunteer militia and infantry buttons. By W. A. Brigham.

Medal of President Lincoln, and one of Hon. John Davis.

City Document, No. 14: Inaugural Address of Hon. W. W. Rice, Mayor of the city of Worcester, Jan. 2, 1860; with the annual reports of the several city officers for the municipal year ending Jan. 2, 1861.

Inaugural Address of Hon. Isaac Davis, Mayor of the city of Worcester, to the City Council, Jan. 1, 1861.

Report of the School Committee of the city of Worcester for the year 1860. By Rev. J. D. E. Jones, superintendent of schools.

A beautiful steel engraving of the Worcester Hospital; likewise a large document containing the records of the founders, and names of all the officers, of the institution, from the commencement to the present time. By Merrick Bemis, M.D.

Journal of the Prince of Wales's tour in America in 1860, by G. D. Engleheart, Esq., secretary of the Duke of Newcastle.

Printed pedigree of the Bigelow Family.

Appleton's Railway and Steam-navigation Guide, published in New York and London; American Weekly Traveller, Boston, April 13, 1861; Boston Semiweekly Advertiser, April 13, 1861; Boston Herald, April 12, 1861; Boston Courier, April 12, 1861; Daily Atlas and Bee, April 12, 1861; Boston Journal, April 12, 1861; Boston Daily Advertiser, April 12, 1861; New-York Times, April 11, 1861; New-York Herald, April 11, 1861; New-York Independent, April 11, 1861; Home (weekly) Journal, New York, April 13, 1861; Vanity Fair, do., New York, April 13, 1861; Harpers' Monthly, New York, April 13, 1861.

Coins of United States, one dollar, half a dollar, quarter of a dollar, ten-cent piece, five-cent piece, two three-cent pieces, three one-cent pieces, 1860, one cent of 1861.

Ball cartridges made by the soldiers of Colonel Bigelow's command, at his barn in Worcester, 1777.

Lock of the hair of Colonel Timothy Bigelow.

Also the following original manuscript letters of Colonel Bigelow: —

Oct. 25, 1775.
On that part of the Kennybeck called the Dead River, 95 miles above Norridgewalk.

Dear Wife, — I am at this time well, but in a dangerous situation, as is the whole detachment of the Continental Army with me. We are in a wilderness, nearly one hundred miles from any inhabitants, either French or English; and but about five days' provisions, on an average, for the whole. We are this day sending back the most feeble, and some that are sick. If the French are our enemies, it will go hard with us; for we have no retreat left. In that case, there will be no other alternative between the sword and famine. May God, in his infinite mercy, protect you my more than ever dear wife and my dear children!

Adieu! — and ever believe me to be your most affectionate husband,

Timo. Bigelow.

CHAUDIER POND, Oct. 28, 1775.

DEAR ANNA, — I very much regret my writing the last letter to you, the contents were so gloomy. It is true, our provisions are short (only five pints of flour to a man, and no meat); but we have this minute received news that the inhabitants of Canada are all friendly, and very much rejoiced at our coming, and a very small number of troops in Quebec. We have had a very fatiguing march of it; but I hope it will soon be over. The express is waiting; therefore must conclude.

I am, dear wife, with unlimited affection, your faithful husband,

TIMO. BIGELOW.*

The documents subjoined pertaining to the earlier history of the Monument have an importance entitling them to a place in this connection: —

CITY OF WORCESTER,

[SEAL.] In City Council, Dec. 23, 1859.

Resolved, That leave be granted to Timothy Bigelow Lawrence to erect a Monument over the remains of Colonel Timothy Bigelow; and that the Mayor be empowered to designate a suitable lot for that purpose, where the said remains now lie, — the same not to include the remains of persons of any other family; and that said lot be for ever appropriated and devoted to said purpose.

A copy of record. — Attest: SAMUEL SMITH, *City Clerk*.

CITY OF WORCESTER.

Whereas, by a resolve of the City Council, passed Dec. 23, A.D. 1859, leave was granted to Timothy Bigelow Lawrence to erect a Monument over the remains of Colonel Timothy Bigelow; and, by said resolve, the Mayor was empowered to designate a suitable lot for that purpose,

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* Beautiful as is the monument to the memory of Colonel Bigelow, a loftier and more durable one stands in the State of Maine. It is a mountain bearing his name, near the head of the Kennebec, a few miles distant from the place of encampment recorded under date of the former of the two letters printed above. He was the first white man who ascended it. It was for purposes of exploration, when in command of a detachment of Arnold's army *en route* to Quebec, as intimated in the same letters. There was, of course, no chart of the wilderness. The pathless forest lay beyond. It was important to ascertain the character of the region, and the trending of the great natural landmarks, in advance. Colonel Bigelow (then a Major) undertook, *sua sponte*, whilst his troops were halting at the foot of a steep mountain, its laborious ascent. It is a towering and rugged eminence, or rather the apex of an alpine range, difficult to climb at the present day. Few attempt it.

The achievement of Colonel Bigelow was thought so remarkable, that the peak was called and afterwards familiarly known as Bigelow's mountain. The name of Mount Bigelow was thence introduced into our maps, and, extended since to the entire ridge, is stamped *in memoriam*.

where said remains now lie, — the same not to include the remains of persons of any other family; and it was further resolved, that said lot be for ever appropriated and devoted to said purpose: —

Now, in pursuance of the authority in me so vested, I, Alexander H. Bullock, Mayor of the city of Worcester, have designated, and do hereby designate, for the purpose aforesaid, the following-described lot, being twenty feet square, and being section number four of the second division, as laid down on the plan of the cemetery on the Common, dated October, 1853, made by Gill Valentine. Said section has a stone monument at its south-east corner, and contains grave number seven, being the grave of Timothy Bigelow, but does not include the remains of any other person.

And I hereby for ever dedicate and appropriate said lot to the purpose aforesaid.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the seal of the city of Worcester, this thirtieth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine.

A. H. Bullock, *Mayor.* [seal.]

The following officials constituted a Committee, on the part of the City Government of Worcester, to take action on the measures deemed suitable for a public notice, by inaugural exercises, at the erection of the Bigelow Monument; viz.: —

His Honor Mayor Davis; Messrs. George Hobbs and Charles B. Pratt, *Aldermen;* Messrs. Walter Bigelow, Frank H. Kelley, and M. S. McConville, *Councilmen.*

Annexed are the names of twenty-five gentlemen, chosen by the citizens at large to co-operate with the Committee of the Municipal Government in making arrangements for a due observance of the occasion aforesaid; viz.: —

Hon. Levi Lincoln, *Chairman;* Messrs. Stephen Salisbury, A. H. Bullock, Rejoice Newton, J. S. C. Knowlton, George F. Hoar, Henry Chapin, George W. Richardson, W. W. Rice, Gen. George H. Ward, Dr. George Chandler, Fitzroy Willard, T. L. Nelson, H. N. Tower, Charles Hersey, Rev. Dr. Hill, Rev. Horace James, Albert Tolman, Joseph Mason, F. H. Kinnicutt, William A. Wheeler, John M. Goodhue, Edwin Bynner, Carter Whitcomb, George W. Bentley.

It was at first proposed by the Committee of Arrangements that an oration should be delivered on the day of celebration, and that a

suitable gentleman be invited to perform the office. The Hon. George Bancroft, of New York, was selected, and addressed on the subject. The following is the correspondence which passed: —

Worcester, Mass., March 22, 1861.

Hon. George Bancroft.

My dear Sir, — You are probably informed, that, with the consent of the authorities of this city, T. Bigelow Lawrence, Esq., a great-grandson of Colonel Timothy Bigelow of Revolutionary fame, is about to erect a monument to the memory of his ancestor on the site of his grave, in the old burial-ground near the Common. This act of filial duty and reverence is proposed to be celebrated by impressive and appropriate ceremonies, in which the government and citizens of the place will unite with Colonel Lawrence, on the 19th of April next, — the anniversary of the battle of Lexington. The monument, when in position, will be a costy and beautiful structure, worthy its commemorative purpose, and greatly ornamental to the city. At a meeting of a large Committee of Arrangements for the occasion, it was the spontaneous and unanimous expression of desire, that you should be solicited to add that interest to the day, by an address, to which no one else could so effectually contribute. It seems to them to be a service most eminently becoming your friends and fellow-citizens of your native town earnestly to ask from you. Born in their midst; cherished, loved, and honored by them, not only in your own person, but in the memory of your father, — long their instructor and guide, — they would see, in your compliance with their wishes, renewed cause of obligation and grateful regard. Besides, as the eminent historian of the country, will you not give the seal of your recognition to the services of one of its most heroic defenders?

The Committee will be greatly obliged by an answer at your earliest convenience.

With faithful esteem and respect, your obedient servant,

Levi Lincoln,

In behalf of, and by the unanimous request of, the Committee.

New York, March 25, 1861.

My dear Sir, — I am to-day made very happy by your assurance, that the great affection I bear my native town is met by an honorable place in their regard; but neither my health nor my engagements will permit me to be with you on the 19th of April, though I heartily join in every tribute to the sons of liberty in Worcester, who were by none exceeded in their devotion to the cause of liberty and their country.

Very truly, and with affectionate respect, your obliged,

George Bancroft.

Governor Lincoln.

In consequence of the disappointment to secure the presence and eloquent voice of Mr. Bancroft on the occasion proposed, and the brief interval remaining before the time fixed for the dedication of the Monument, other arrangements were made by the Committee, and the plan of celebration adopted which was carried out in the manner and form detailed in previous pages.

Allusion is made in an antecedent page, at the introduction of the name of Judge Thomas, one of the speakers of the day, to the friendship which subsisted between his ancestor, the elder Isaiah Thomas, and the subject of these notices. It was, indeed, a close and tried one. They were "true yoke-fellows;" each alike active in defence of a common cause, — the rights of the people, and the liberties of the old Colonies. They employed different weapons, — one wielding the sword; the other a pen, of scarce less potency in the popular movement.

Colonel Bigelow was the senior of Mr. Thomas by nearly ten years. An ardent Whig, foremost of the *élite* of Worcester in opposition to the tyranny of the British Crown, and of course to the little clique of Tories, not wanting in the town, — few in number, but swelling in self-conceit, looking down on the people as a plebeian class, — Colonel Bigelow cast about for auxiliaries to aid in the work of unflinching resistance. A press was needed. Mr. Thomas, then editor and proprietor of the "Massachusetts Spy," printed in Boston, was invited to Worcester. He had been placed on the honorable list of the "suspects;" and, in the early spring of 1775, was proscribed. He was compelled to flee; the last number of his paper, in Boston, being issued April 6, 1775. Mr. Thomas gladly availed himself of the proffered shelter and stand presented by the eligible opening at Worcester. The removal of his press and types was an affair of some difficulty, requiring caution in the management. Colonel Bigelow undertook the task. With the aid of a couple of assistants, choosing a dark night, the press with its *materiel* was secured by him, and, conveyed to a landing near Barton's Point, was ferried to Charlestown. Thence transported to Worcester, it was set up and worked, at the beginning, in a basement-room of the Colonel's house. The first appearance of the "Spy" next after, and therewith the first printing executed in

Worcester, was on the 3d of May next following. The paper proved, as before, an instrument of mighty energy, acting as a powerful lever on the sentiment and spirit of the times. Subscriptions flowed in. A suitable office was shortly obtained, and the sheet, under its new title of the "Massachusetts Spy, or American Oracle," was spread abroad everywhere. Its tone lost none of its boldness. The loyalists gained nothing from their prior attempts to muzzle and to silence it. It spoke like a trumpet. The weekly articles by its conductor were impatiently awaited by the public, and read with avidity. The name of Isaiah Thomas, as the exponent of his paper, soon became, throughout New England, familiar as a "household word;" and the Worcester Massachusetts Spy remains to this day, as at the outset of its career, the faithful "oracle" of the rights asserted and the principles maintained by both its original publisher, and his confidential friend and coadjutor, Colonel Bigelow.

Following upon the arrival of the press in Worcester, a bright, burly boy, or rather a stout, vigorous youth, apprenticed to Mr. Thomas, appeared, — the late Benjamin Russell, afterwards familiarly known as "Major Ben." of the Boston "Columbian Centinel," — a man who attained to a distinguished and honorable position in the community; whose newspaper, like that of his famous master, acquired at a later day, and long exerted, a wide and commanding influence; and who lived to become the veteran of the craft, as personally he ever was a bright and shining ornament of his profession.

Young Russell was made an inmate of the family of Colonel Bigelow, where he found a welcome home, and was treated with the regard and affection of a child and brother.

Between him and the eldest son of the Colonel — also conspicuous in another walk, in after-life, as an eminent lawyer (the Hon. Timothy Bigelow, of Groton and Medford) — a warm attachment sprung up, which ripened subsequently into the closest intimacy, never broken, never jarred, till the death of the latter severed the tie. Mr. Bigelow deceased in 1821, at the comparatively early age of fifty-four. Major Russell survived to be an octogenarian. He was several years older than his friend.

An anecdote is told by the Rev. Andrew Bigelow, illustrative of the impression made on a stranger by the personal appearance and bearing of his grandfather, the Colonel, when in the prime of manhood. His informant was an aged parishioner, surviving a few months after the date of Dr. Bigelow's settlement in Taunton, nearly thirty years ago, — a man of bright memory, naturally of a cool, observant mind, and who dwelt much on the reminiscences of earlier days. At his first interview with his pastor, the old gentleman inquired of the latter if he had an ancestor in the Revolutionary Army, — an officer of the Massachusetts Line. Being satisfied on those points, he was asked, in turn, the special reason of his queries. "Guess I have seen him," was the reply. "When and where?" next followed. Shaking the ashes from his pipe, as he sat in a big chair beside the chimney-corner, the old man said, "Well, you must suppose, that after the fight at Lexington, when the *milish* was called out, we all wanted to know what chaps they were to face the enemy, — them 'redcoats,' as we called the regulars, — in case of more scuffling. So I said to neighbor ——, (Sam was his given name,) 'Let us tackle up, and go and see the fellows about Boston'" — (*à la* "Capt. Goodwin"). "He agreed, and we hitched team, and started off. We went to Cambridge, saw Ward's camp, and fetched up at Watertown. Our Congress (Provincial), they told us, was sitting there, then.

"Next morning, standing outside the tavern, many people coming and going, I spied a couple of officers walking up. One of them was a tall man, stepping very handsome; had a firm, quick gait, and no swagger. He was speaking to the other quite earnest, and looked, somehow, serious." — "Tall, you say?" — "Yes: he was a six-footer, and something more; carried himself straight; was broad-chested, not spare. I remember he was rather dark-*complected*, but with a good brown color on his cheeks; his hair a jet-black, very full, and clubbed behind, — the fashion of those times." — "Any thing more?" — "Well, I watched his eyes: they were very bright; blackish, or thereabouts; saw them plain, as he passed by and went into the house." — "And what of his companion?" — "Don't remember," said the old man; "nothing particular about him. When they had got in, I asked a countryman, standing by, who that tall officer was. He said, 'Major Bigelow: Major Bigelow of Worcester.' I looked at friend Sam. He eyed me mighty sharp. I knew what he wanted: so I told him the name of the

gentleman. 'Well, neighbor Jo,' said he, 'what think you of that big fellow?'" — The old man stopped in his narrative (he was slow of speech), gave another nudge to the bowl of his pipe, lifted his eyebrows as if the distant scene, neighbor Sam and all, were again before him, then turned to his listener, and concluded: "I told Sam ——, 'Sam,' says I, '*that man will fight.*' — 'Guess so, too,' said Sam, 'right smart.'" *

The honors paid to the memory of Colonel Timothy Bigelow, by the public celebration held at the dedication of his Monument, were no barren formalities, restricted to the grateful recognition of a venerated name. Occurring at a crisis the most momentous in our national annals since the War of Independence, when all that was gained by the triumphs of the Revolution was suddenly and wickedly imperilled, they combined, with the traditionary reminiscences awakened, to lend a deeper and more powerful impulse to the indignant spirit of patriotism then stirred afresh among the citizens of Worcester and its neighborhood.

By a communication before us from His Honor Mayor Davis, under date of Sept. 27, in which he states that "the Monument has attracted great attention, and thousands, and tens of thousands, have visited it," we learn "that it has excited in numerous minds a noble spirit of patriotism, and has induced many to volunteer in sustaining the Constitution and the Union. Since the Monument (he adds) was erected on our Central Park, more than five thousand men have left that Park in defence of the glorious institutions which Colonel Timothy Bigelow and his brave compeers fought to establish."

When addressing the officers and soldiers of the Fifteenth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, a few weeks previously, near the grave of Colonel Bigelow, we gather also, from an animated report which has reached us, that His Honor invoked the troops in fervid strains "to imitate the self-sacrificing, the noble daring, the heroic spirit, of Colonel Timothy Bigelow and his brave associates of the Fifteenth Continental Regiment of the Revolution."

* The Colonel came of a fighting stock. His father, Daniel Bigelow, one of the original settlers of Worcester, was a soldier in the Canadian-French War.

"If," said the Mayor, with a thrilling emphasis, — "if that valiant Colonel and his comrades, who now sleep near us, could hear your martial tramp, it would be music in their ears; and methinks their immortal spirits are looking down from the battlements of heaven, beckoning you on to sustain and uphold the liberties which they fought to secure."

Again: at the presentation of a beautiful stand of colors, from the ladies of Worcester, to the Fifteenth Regiment of Volunteers, on the 8th of August, the Hon. George F. Hoar, who spoke in their behalf, when tendering the gift to the colonel and officers of the corps, introduced his speech by saying, —

"I am deputed by the ladies of Worcester to present to you this banner. Eighty-four years ago to-day, there was mustering in these streets the first regiment ever raised in Worcester County for actual warfare, — the Fifteenth Regiment of the Massachusetts Line. What hard-fought fields at Monmouth and Trenton, what sufferings at Valley Forge, what glory and victory at Saratoga and Yorktown, have made that name famous, history has recorded; and now that, for the second time, Worcester County sends out to battle a full regiment of her sons, by a coincidence too appropriate to be called accident, the name which your fathers rendered illustrious has been allotted to you. What they won for us, it is yours to preserve for us."

Colonel Charles Devens, jun., in receiving the colors, responded with deep feeling in like stirring and sympathetic strains: —

"There is, indeed, a remarkable coincidence, as you have so well said, in the name of the regiment which I have the honor to command; being numbered the same as that commanded, during the Revolutionary War, by Colonel Timothy Bigelow, over whose remains yonder proud monument was three months ago erected with such inspiring ceremonies. It is, indeed, a most fortunate omen. I trust that some of the spirit which animated our ancestors has descended upon the present sons of Worcester County, and that they will be able to render an equally good account of their labors. I know they stand ready to defend that flag, as much dearer than life as honor is dearer; that they will 'not suffer a single star to be obscured, or a single stripe erased,' from that glorious symbol of our national union. I am unable to predict as to our return; yet this symbol shall be returned to the ladies of Worcester untarnished. Defeat, disaster, and death may come to us; but dishonor, never."

Eloquent words, and nobly answered; as witnessed by the subsequent intrepid bearing of the heroic colonel and the regiment

under his command, — a regiment which, whilst inheriting the prestige of the name, most worthily asserts its title to the distinction, and proudly emulates the honors, of the brave old FIFTEENTH of the Continental Line.

The city of Worcester has now upwards of one thousand men in the service of the country. At the date of the Revolution, the County altogether contained a population estimated at twenty-five thousand souls. The Fifteenth Continental Regiment, commanded by Colonel Timothy Bigelow, was raised from both town and county. At the present time, the City alone, comprising about the same number of inhabitants as the shire collectively in the Revolutionary contest, sends forth, as above remarked, more than a thousand troops to the field, to wage battle in defence of all that we hold most dear, — against the parricidal foes of our common rights so audaciously assailed, of the glorious temple of our civil liberties and the sacred ark of the Constitution.

Truly it may be said, that not alone in "ashes" — the buried ashes of our fathers — live the *ancient* fires. They glow with equal warmth and intensity in the bosoms of their sons.

Certainly, at least, it is shown, that the "heart" — the brave HEART of our goodly Commonwealth — has lost none of its pristine vigor. It is still firm in its beatings, responsive to the throbbings of its sturdy youth. Long may it quicken with unabated ardor and strength, — the noble energy as re-developed, now, in the maturity of its manly prime!

All homage to heroic Worcester! — Ever honored be her sons!